THE

ORDEAL.

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POLITICKS.

Perhaps there never was a change so sudden and extraordinary as that which the misconduct of ministers has within a few years produced in this country. JUNIUS.

LETTER.—N°. 3.

To —— ——,

SIR,

IT is by no means remarkable that the people should feel greatly agitated in the discussion of political questions at this period, when distress has accumulated upon distress, until the load has wasted away both our patience and our strength: but it seems highly astonishing that there should be the least hesitation, in determining where to fix the blame. The guilt is evident; but the punishment is withheld. Perhaps the minds of men are unable to penetrate the secrets of preceding events, from their being overcome with the resistless sensations of present difficulty, and present distress. The numerous circumstances of disgrace, which have attended the administration of this government, for the last eight years, must excite all the aggravation of resentment, when they are considered together; they distract the attention by such singular features of deformity, that the whole groupe is an assemblage too disgusting to be portrayed, and too horrid to contemplate. Like a painter, distracted with a multitude of subjects, I am embarrassed in considering your life; the past events which checquered it, were vile enough it was thought, to have established the infamy of your fame; but they have been followed by circumstances so astonishingly bold as to set at defiance all former principles of judgment or conjecture. The veil of mystery, which formerly covered your proceedings, was difficult for the most perspica-

cious glance to penetrate; but that which now bears the name of covering, like the flimsy gauze over a modern beauty, is calculated to discover rather than conceal. You act as if you intended, by daily increasing in the degree of your depravity, to elude the detection of former crimes. The contrast between the period of your retirement from office, and that of your inauguration, speaks a lesson on the value of your administration to the country, too powerful for illustration or commentary. The present difficulties you know too well, have been caused by yourself and not by the misconduct of foreign nations. The federalists foresaw your perfidy, and forewarned the people of their danger; but you and your adherents talked of economy, of forbearance, of reason and philosophy, and the people were completely deluded into an entanglement, which we fear is now to be cut asunder by war, since it cannot be unravelled by negociation.

The disclosures lately made from the cabinet afford the most inevitable conclusions as to their former views and expectations. An acknowledged suppression of important documents, the French minister's declaration of alliance, Bonaparte's commendation of the Embargo, are items in the sum of depravity; but other particulars remain. The characters of your favourites are now to be brought to the test; the secretary at war, and the commander in chief, we expect will be rigorously scrutinized. And we hope if any charges are preferred against the secretary of the treasury, he will be better able to refute them, than that once made of his connection in a conspiracy against a former administration.

In the conduct of some statesmen, we can often discover nothing but the strangest attempts to reconcile perfidy and virtue, ignorance and philosophy, right and wrong. Your prevarications, innuendoes and deceptions about the last Embargo bill, are complete illustrations of this idea. You invade the constitution in forming a bill, the provisions of which it is a virtue in the people to oppose; and then you complain of rebellion; you expected to coerce foreign nations by the first Embargo measure; you have tried it for a twelve month, and now, you coerce your constituents by a military force: you first talked of enforcing the fifth Embargo bill in its fullest extent, and now you speak of removing it on the fourth of March. Are we again to be insulted, and again to be duped? You told us some time ago, through the papers of your party, that the measure would

be soon repealed; and the next news we hear of it, is its most rigorous enforcement. We are not to be again cajoled; you have deceived us twice; we can readily discover your views; and, as in the case of the duke of Grafton, nature now makes you 'treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving.' However variously we consider this last act, it is calculated to excite our astonishment as much as our hatred, and our contempt more than our resentment. Your invasions of the constitution have become so familiar to us of late, that the word is hardly recognized as belonging to our political vocabulary, so universally is it exploded. You have not only violated some of its most essential provisions by your measures, but have proceeded to enforce them with your power. You have taught the people to judge what they have to expect from an administration continued on the principles you have espoused; it is time for them to inform your successor what he may expect from them as an equivalent. But I presume he is prepared to retreat from the dangers you have caused; he will not have the hardihood to continue a measure, which you now shrink in contemplating.

As if the tyranny necessary to the enforcement of this system were not of itself sufficiently distressing; our calamity is aggravated by the consideration of the weakness with which it has been conducted. We cannot discover through the whole time it has continued, any thing to satisfy us of even tolerable abilities in our rulers. On the contrary every thing has concurred to prove them as destitute of foresight and wisdom, as they are of virtue and integrity. You first made a bill called a general Embargo law, then you added another, and another, and another, until you have multiplied them to six; and still they are evaded. This weakness is exceeded only by the wickedness, by which it was prompted. Bonaparte's commendation, and the suppression of Mr. Canning's letter, are sufficient to authorise the suspicion that our cabinet have been influenced by an evident preference towards France, and a confirmed hatred to Great-Britain. If any other disclosures are to be made, we hope, for the happiness of this nation, that God will exercise his retribution in this world, and render a splendid villain as miserable here, as he has been happy; that all succeeding statesmen may take council from the infamy of your example, to beware of the consequences, before they adopt measures from af-

fection or hatred to any foreign state. The charge of French influence formerly made, was not denied by the administration; and the adherents of the executive gloried in his dignified silence. Great-Britain's hostility, the wrongs she had done us, the injuries we had sustained from her, were the themes of your philippick: you either commended France, or were silent respecting her. But when the cry of secret influence was echoed through the country, you suddenly changed your tone, and France is now coupled with England in all the wrongs we have sustained. Whence is all this shifting? France is no more wrong now, than she was when you were silent; the clamours now vented against her are too violent to be sincere. Besides this, we do not hear a word about going to war with *her*; no, no, Great-Britain, is still the object against whom our restrictive energies are to be applied, though no apparent distinction is publickly made, between the injuries we have received from France and those which Great-Britain has inflicted.

This constructive treachery, however, was too humble a course to satisfy your present ambition; and you therefore are now the publickly acknowledged ally of the French nation. Had you only followed the dictates of your prudence, you would have remained perfidious in secret; but love of distinction has prevailed, and you are now the open enemy of your own nation. You aspire to the dignity of being detested, instead of the humble ambition of being despised. Go on, sir, increasing in vice until the period of your retirement from office, and your successor will then understand that the virtues for which he has been recommended by you to the office of President, can only render the possessor the object of universal execration and contempt.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

WE have to express our pleasure at an unsolicited notice from the editor of this paper; which, as it is couched in language the most poetical and obscure, we will endeavour to illustrate and explain. After informing his readers that the Ordeal has made its appearance in Boston, the editor of the Freeman's Journal proceeds to observe, that Mr. J. T. Buckingham is the publisher, who, he remarks, 'was the late ed-

itor of *The Polyanthos*, a dazzling, glittering, gaudy, trembling, transient flower, that sparkled, was exhaled and went to oblivion.' To the unlearned reader, all this may at first view seem very pretty and very plain; but the author means to tell him, that the Polyanthos was a *flower* which not only 'glittered' but 'sparkled,' was not only 'transient,' but *strange to tell*, went to—where? why, 'oblivion; A *flower* which was not only 'glittering' but 'dazzling,' not only 'dazzling' but 'gaudy.' If the reader should be puzzled to discover the distinction between *glitter* and *sparkle*, between a thing which is *transient* and that which goes early to *oblivion;* and between something *gaudy* and something *dazzling;* if he should not very readily comprehend how these qualities, could, in any stretch of applicability, refer very appropriately to a *flower*, he will be much more perplexed to find this very *flower* as such, *edited* by a certain gentleman; but being 'exhaled,' he could *edite* it no longer. Why the merits of the POLYANTHOS are mentioned at all in a notice of the ORDEAL, may perhaps excite surprise; but this sensation is powerless, when we observe the evident attempt of this writer, to confound the editor of this publication, and that of the Polyanthos, as one and the same person. After *smelling* thus long, at a 'dazzling, glittering, sparkling, gaudy, trembling, transient' *flower*, we do not wonder that the author was so bewildered with *sweet savour*, that the Ordeal should strike him very disagreeably at first view. *Unsweet, unflowerlike Ordeal;* how darest thou to *strike* so pure, *untautological* a writer? to strike him so disagreeably; and that too at the first view? You should at least have waited a reasonable time to get acquainted with a gentleman, before you behaved so rudely, and then perhaps he might then have shaken hands with you. Your very *frontispiece* annoys him, and indeed, nothing else seems to affect him much. 'It is,' says he, 'neither classical, ornamental, graceful nor even whimsical; it is perhaps, what the quizzing beaus and simpering misses of the fashionable circles, would call *quizzical*, and the best that can be said of it is, that it is in some measure *emblematical* of the nature and design of the work."

This passage surely requires some illustration. First he quarrels with the *frontispiece*, because 'it is neither classical,' nor 'graceful,' nor 'ornamental;' because it is 'grotesque' and 'gross;' because it may be called 'quizzical;' and then to crown the whole, because it is '*emblematical* of the design of the work! Know, therefore, sapient reader, it is the *design of the work* with which this gentleman is so much exasperated; it is that which is thus *gross* and *grotesque*. 'The frontispiece is emblematical of the design of the work;' which, says this ingenious editor, is '*the best that can be said of it.*' If the frontispiece is *emblematical* of the design, all we have to say is, that as far as we are concerned in it, we are certainly much obliged to the editor of the Freeman's Journal, for the praise he has lavished upon it;

we think nothing can convey more appropriate panegyrick than that the execution is correspondent to the design. For what purpose was the frontispiece placed upon this publication? To be 'ornamental,' to be 'classical,' to be 'graceful,' to be 'whimsical,' or to convey '*the design?*' 'The object of a frontispiece,' says this editor, has only to do with the four first, the last is a secondary consideration. If this were true, however, let the artist who engraved it, and not the editor, be accountable.

The following sentence contains a specimen of the obscure which we think will perplex our readers, without some commentary. 'In presuming to lash the vices and follies of the literature and politicks, (and we suppose manners too, at least what the French call *the petty morals*) of the age with all the whips and scorpions of Juvenal, Churchill, Pope and Junius, the editor has undertaken a task far beyond his powers.' Now whether we consider the assertion in its expression or its meaning, we must admit it to be very remarkable. As to the expression, it would have been only common-place to speak of *lashing* with a *whip*, but this writer makes it uncommon, by talking of '*all the whips;*' this does not satisfy him, and he adds, 'all the *scorpions,*' of Juvenal, Churchill, Pope, and Junius. Does the author here mean by all the whips and all the scorpions, that each of these authors, individually considered, possessed more than *one whip or one scorpion?* If so, the undertaking would indeed be arduous; for separate from the difficulty of *lashing* any thing with *scorpions*, the trouble of holding all the whips, and all the scorpions, of Juvenal, Churchill, Pope and Junius, must be apparent to every one. The meaning it is no less important to illustrate than the expression. We are told that the editor has presumed to undertake a task far above his powers; which we admit to be the case, *if* he has undertaken to lash the politicks and the literature of the age, 'with all the whips and scorpions' of all the satirists just named. The editor of the Freeman's Journal, however, says he has; he takes for granted a fact grounded solely upon *his* interpretation of the frontispiece, but which it will not warrant. What man under heaven could presume, merely from a type-metal frontispiece, that the editor of this work could suppose himself inspired with all the wit of Juvenal Pope, Junius and Churchill? No one we believe but the editor of the Freeman's Journal.

'The execution of the work is by no means, equal to its pretentions indicated by its title.' '*By and by*, is easily said,' was Hamlet's reply to Polonius; such an expression as that above, is to be said as easily of this or any other publication. It could be said of the Freeman's Journal, that it contained more foam without spirit, heaviness without strength, labour without cultivation, metaphor without application, zeal without sincerity, and a great many other things without a great many other things, than most papers of its long standing in the Unit-

ed States. But who would believe the assertion? particularly if in the only instance of 'the execution' of that paper to illustrate our idea, should be produced 'something of pith and pungency.' After saying that the Ordeal does not equal the pretentions indicated by its title, the editor of the Freeman's Journal proceeds to illustrate his position by quoting from our review of Mr. Giles's speech in our second number, half a column of what he calls 'matter of some pith and pungency.' Thus all the objection to our work, lies in the frontispiece; and all the proof of its not equalling the pretentions of the title, is found in matter which this editor considers of 'pith and pungency.'

Though we cannot imagine what has induced the editor of the Freeman's Journal to notice us thus unsolicited; yet we cannot but thank so enlightened, so poetical, *so accurate* a writer, and so *excellent* a critic, for stooping to our level.

PHILOLOGY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

AS your work is said to be a Literary as well as Political Journal, I presume that early information of new publications will be acceptable both to you and your readers. I therefore send you the following extracts from a work which will shortly be published, which you are at liberty to insert in the Ordeal, on condition that my real name is to be kept a profound secret; as the publicity of it might subject me to the punishment prepared for the divulgers of inquisitorial secrets.

Yours, &c.

Andover, Jan. 30. PETER.

EXTRACTS

FROM A NEW THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

ASSURANCE. A blessing, 'not bestowed on any one for meriting it by works of righteousness, diligence and zeal;' a facility of quoting scripture upon all occasions, and particularly passages, which are not remarkable for a delicacy in expression.

CHARITY. An obsolete word, used only among infidels. Excepting when quoted as a pretence for diffusing Hopkinsian tenets. To this end the profits of the Panoplist are devoted to *charitable* purposes.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT. That which under the appearance of piety, implies the most impious presumption; because it interferes in a Christian's connection with his Maker.

CONVERSION. The act of signing the creed; a giving up the right of private judgment.

CREED. A confession of faith, in which the person making the confession, solemnly renounces the use of all his reasoning and sensorial faculties, for the term of five years. He must also declare implicit belief, that there are THREE GODS, equal in power; that man is a free agent, utterly incapable of understanding his own thoughts, actions, or feelings; that he is irresistibly impelled to the commission of sin and wickedness, by an omnipotent decree, in order to exalt his Creator's glory and his own happiness; that St. Peter, John Calvin, and Samuel Hopkins, are one and the same person, who lived at different times and places; that the presence of the sun is not the cause of light, nor its absence that of darkness; that he who eats a Medford cracker, does at the same time drink punch and eat beef-steaks and oysters, &c. &c.

DEISM. A belief in one only living and true God, as taught in the scriptures.

DEIST. See UNITARIAN, INFIDEL. They do not deserve a distinction.*

ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL. A body of men having divine authority to exercise jurisdiction over the minds and consciences of others.

ELECT. Those persons who before their creation, were doomed to the eternal enjoyment of heaven. The number of *the elect* is supposed to be ONE among *nine hundred and ninety-nine millions of* those who have inhabited the earth.

EVANGELICAL PREACHING. A general denunciation of all ministers and churches who refuse to acknowledge the infallibility of the Papal Inquisition at Andover.

EVANGELICAL PREACHER. Such a one as

"..... proves his doctrine orthodox
By apostolick blows and knocks."

One who will stand in his pulpit and declare that if such ministers as B**********, E******, F******, and L***** go to heaven, he had rather be d——d than go there himself.

FAITH. A belief in any thing and every thing which reason shews to be absurd.

GOOD WORKS. Among deists and infidels, this phrase signifies a performance of moral duties and obligations; among the elect, a *man of good works* is one who buys the Panoplist at ten dollars a hundred to distribute among the poor, whom he oppresses by avarice, usury and extortion.

HELL. Generally supposed to be a lake of liquid fire; but a learned clergyman has lately and elegantly described it as 'something as much worse than liquid fire, as fire and brimstone are worse than the spicy atmosphere of Arabia, or the enchanting gardens of the Seraglio.'

* Panoplist. Doctor Mason's Remarks.

HOPEFUL CONVERTS. Children under nine years of age, silly old woman and hypocritical young rakes; who say they are under concern, that their heads are giddy, and their imaginations wandering.

INFALLIBILITY. Exemption from common sense; freedom from the shackles of rationality.

INFIDEL. One who exercises his reason, and refuses to sign the creed of the Theological Institution; any one who doubts that Calvin and Hopkins were inspired from heaven.

INFIDELITY. Human reason.

INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT. An irresistible impulse of the mind, by which a convert is compelled to the belief of certain tenets, contrary to nature, reason and revelation. This influence operates in various ways. Its effects are sometimes seen in violent exertions of the fist, strainings of the eye-balls, and various contortions of the countenance: it is sometimes heard in most piteous groans and convulsive sobs. It was remarkably illustrated not long since at a Thursday lecture in Boston, by a reverend Doctor from New-York, in such monkey-like grimaces that the audience supposed him to be exhibiting a burlesque on some poor stage player. It was also wonderfully and powerfully exhibited a short time ago on Boston Common, by an itinerant preacher, who mounted a rock, and harangued the mob in a most delectable lecture, declaring that he was 'sent by THE SPIRIT to make the road to hell as hard as possible.'*

ORTHODOXY. A belief in scripture, as construed by Calvin and Hopkins, and promulgated to the world in the Panoplist.

PREDESTINATION. A judgment of providence, by which it was determined from all eternity, that *the elect* should be saved against their own desire; and that for the glory of God, all the rest of mankind should suffer eternal damnation.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE. Letters, written by the editors of the Panoplist, under the assumed names of various missionaries in distant parts of the world. It is indispensably necessary that these letters should be perfectly unintelligible to common understandings; that every paragraph should contain at least five quotations from scripture, which quotations must be such as to raise some libidinous ideas in the mind of the reader; and each letter to be decorated with not less than ten words from the court languages of Owhyhee, Caffraria, Tungusian Tartary, and Patagonia; or contain an account of the conver-

* We perfectly recollect hearing this expression; but were ignorant at the time whether the learned preacher meant to be understood as intending to render this road difficult to travel, or to make it a turnpike, and thus increase the facility of passing; the expression we thought quite indefinite. The compilers of the *Theological Dictionary*, by their quoting this authority, undoubtedly understood it in the sense first mentioned.—EDITORS.

sion of some priest of the Grand Lama, Choctaw Chief, or Hottentot Princess. If some information of three year old infants, who expounded the various readings of scripture, in the Hebrew, Chaldean and Sanscrit tongues, can be introduced, it helps much to corroborate the intelligence.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. A monument of christian liberality, the situation of which, it is impossible for any friend to evangelical truth in New-England or any where else to be ignorant.*

THE WORK. A cant phrase to express the behaviour of a collection of Hopeful Converts.

UNITARIANS. This name has been assumed by that class of christians, or rather deists, who acknowledge the only living and true GOD. But it is not a correct or appropriate term. Those who believe in a Trinity, or plurality of Gods, are, in the proper sense of the word, Unitarians.†

REVIEW.

OBSERVATIONS

On the "Works of JAMES ELLIOT, *citizen of Guilford, Vermont, and late a non-commissioned officer in the Legion of the United States."*

THE custom of reviewing publications, which have been printed many years, and have 'sparkled, been exhaled and gone to oblivion,' may be of doubtful authority; but we are not without some hopes of affording amusement to our readers, in giving them some account of the volume before us. The author is no other than that celebrated orator and statesman, who has so much distinguished himself in Congress, for the last five or six years; first as a violent, outrageous democrat; then as a temporising republican, and now as a sort of federalist. In giving this account of the author, we wish to bestow an interest on our review, which a mere reading of the title of the work under consideration would inevitably fail of producing. But when it is ascertained that the extracts we are about to give, are from the works of James Elliot, member in the Congress, and not a simple non-commissioned officer in the Legion of the United States, we expect the interest of every reader to be 'tremblingly alive' to the merits of the composition.

The works of Mr. Elliot consist of pieces of Poetry and Prose, of a very miscellaneous nature; but many of which, as the author informs us in his preface, 'had met with no inconsiderable share of publick fa-

* See Panoplist, Vol. I. new series, p. 209.

† See Panoplist, Vol, I. new series, p. 371.

vour,' in the periodical works of the day. The style of our author is very ambitious of figure, and ornament of every description; and his diction both poetical and prosaick is uncommonly lofty. The following extracts from 'Morning, an Ode,' will afford some specimen.

Aurora, hail! Illume each rural bower,
Each dale, each silent grove and vocal glade;
Behold the starry spheres retire,
The ruddy morn its charms display;
And distant, in the spotless skies,
Behold yon orient orb arise,
Phœbus, the glorious PRESIDENT of day!

Those, who are pleased with this, will be also pleased to hear how *transient* are the charms of this President;

Alas, how *transient* are thy charms,
A moment only in our arms,
Then left in tears, thy flight to grieve:
While scarce a SUN illumes our noon,
And scarce a solitary MOON
Appears to gild the gloom of eve!

Here is introduced a most rapturous effusion.

Emerg'd from scenes of INFANT strife,
The fire of YOUTH begins to rage,
Impetuous, passionate, and vain;
We storm the barriers which impede our course,
And moving onward with resistless force,
O'er MANHOOD's variegated plain,
Reach the meridian altitude of AGE.
Once past the torrid NOON OF LIFE,
We soar swift as the eagle's flight
Down time's declivity, with gasping breath,
Drink the Lethiferous DEW of DEATH;
Then sink in the chaotick gloom of endless night.

Here the metaphors relating to life are variously multiplied in the same sentence. The *fire of youth*, *scenes* of *infant* strife, *manhood's* variegated *plain*, the *torrid noon of life*, and Lethiferous *dew of death*, are nothing, to *soaring!* swift as the eagle's flight, *down!* time's declivity; and then sinking in the *chaotick gloom of endless night*.

We have various pieces which evince the politicks of our author at that period; we find in 'An Address to Thomas Paine, citizen of the World,' the following lines which we cannot help quoting as very applicable to the subject.

'Favour'd of *Heaven!* Belov'd by all mankind,'

and,

'The muses greet thee, and the world approves.'

In addition to this we discover in 'The *American's* prayer for FRANCE,' these remarkable lines:

'Grant, mighty ruler of the world,
That France may yet enjoy repose;
And not be to destruction hurl'd,
But triumph o'er her numerous foes.

Lord, in her cabinet preside!
In *thee* her warriors firmly *trust*,
In thee her chosen sons confide,
Her heroes brave, her rulers just.'

The praise bestowed on France, is so uncommonly just, that we cannot be surprised to find 'an Ode to Equality!' opening with these lines,

All hail, divine EQUALITY,
Benignant daughter of the sky;
Sister and friend of *Godlike* liberty.

Yes, *Godlike* liberty, whom he has just before spoken of as

'Enchanting *nymph*, sweet *liberty*.'

His prose is not less ambitious than his rhyme. He remarks that the 'umbrage' of the trees along the banks of the river Ohio has 'delectable effect, and is extremely refreshing to passengers in a hot season;' but that in some places the trees have fallen into the stream, which he says very sagely, 'ought to be prohibited by law.' He then bursts forth in the following sublime description.

'All is serene and cloudless. Suddenly some fleeting clouds cast a gloomy shade over the obscure mantle of the sky. The rumbling thunder is heard at a distance. The livid lightning gleams through the circumambient air. The wind *rises*. The shower *descends*. The gale is in our favour, and the *oars-men* exert all their strength, and we descend with velocity. We turn a point of land, and it immediately recedes from our view, enveloped in an impenetrable veil of mist and vapour. Our canvass canopy but feebly resists the fury of the torrent, which threatens our frail vessel with destructive inundation.

'At length the storm subsides. Sheets of mist arise on every side from the borders of the river. The clouds dissipate. Again we behold the cheering rays of Phœbus. Again the skies are serene and the air cool and fragrant. Again the feathered warblers chant their melodious notes on every spray.'

The eloquence of this passage will serve as an example of the merits of his lofty style. But in a subsequent part of the volume, he indulges in the reflection of what will be said of him in succeeding ages; and

very comfortably pronounces his own character, as he thinks it will be estimated by 'Prince Posterity.'

After remarking that '*Horace* was vain of his literary efforts,' that Cicero was as much distinguished for vanity as eloquence; and that Addison had given a sketch of the fine things he imagined would be said of him, in after ages, our author thus proceeds, 'surely I need not blush to imitate such illustrious examples. I imagine then, that *posterity* will give *me* the following character:' p. 238.

'Young Elliot possessed several of the eccentricities, and a few of the useful qualities of genius. But his genius was far from being of the most exalted kind. Nature perhaps intended him for a poet; he had not in his composition, scarce a particle of what constitutes a philosopher. Nature had given him strong appetites for sensual pleasures; but he early learned to restrain his inclinations, within the bounds marked out by reason and morality.'

This, it is to be observed, is all to be discovered in his writings; but he goes on to admit, that,

'He had violent passions and prejudices. In manners he was far from being polished. In conversation he was sometimes irritable and dogmatick. In friendship he was warm and sincere,' &c.

'In his youth' among other things, 'he was infected with the *itch*—of writing. He collected and published his lucubrations, and never afterwards resumed his pen.'

In this instance posterity must be a liar, since we understand the lucubrations of Mr. Elliot now dignify the columns of a southern paper called the Freeman's Journal. Our author then proceeds:

'Some passages in his writings are yet read with pleasure,' (veracity again) 'and the rest have sunk into oblivion, and they did not deserve a better fate.' (No falsehood here, however.) 'He frequently declared, he would rather go to prison for speaking his sentiments, than to Congress for dissembling them.' Mr. Elliot is now in Congress; the insinuation here was prophetick.

We shall terminate our remarks with the conclusion of his character, as thus drawn by himself:

'Had he been the arbiter of his own fortune, he would have preferred a decent competency in the silent solitude of rural life, to all the splendour of nobility, and *all the pomp of office*. He early bid adieu to what the world calls pleasure. The few hours he was not obliged to devote to business, were spent in the study of the classick authors, and the politicks of the times. He lived and died a christian and a republican.'

ADVERSARIA.

Quid est, quod negligenter scribamus adversaria?...*Cic.*

Hume and Finley

ARE names oddly coupled; yet the closing circumstances of their lives strongly invited the contrast. If the Ordeal has exposed the lame logick of the Christian's Magazine, the candid reader of the whole account will, however, see the point of the writer. A portion of honour was impliedly conceded to the skeptick for his calmness, or his death would not have been opposed to that of the christian: yet that this little honour should finally be wrested from him by Dr. Mason was hardly fair. To me, a plain-spoken christian, incapable of drawing such fine pictures as Dr. Mason, and fearing to treat the subject of religion with flippancy, the path of propriety seems to lie between the conduct of the two celebrated men. No christian would wish for the skepticism of Hume; none dares thus trifle with futurity: and every rational christian cannot help being somewhat disgusted with the vanity and extravagance of Dr. Finley. In the death of this man, we hear almost the ravings of fanaticism; in that of the deist, the sullen, cheerless monotony of the stoick. Dr. Mason says 'no infidel dies a triumphant death.' Infidelity loses nothing by this fact. Extatick feelings and expressions suit not with the sober sadness of a dying hour: there is nothing in them of natural reason, or religion. The death of Jesus Christ, showed as much of honour as of consolation. Hume affected to contemn death; Finley to triumph over it: the humble christian does neither. The exit of the first, betrays the pride of a philosopher; of the last, the pride of a saint: an enemy of all pride whatever, I would wish living and dying to cherish the temper of unostentatious penitence. Nevertheless I would rather emulate the assurance of Samuel Finley, than be frozen with the rigours of David Hume. Most of all would I desire to die like my master, who had no will but God's, and who, expiring, said, 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.'

Examples of Elegant Metaphor, from a late Speech.

"WHAT then is to be done? States, towns and individuals have their favourite projects. The Union *have theirs*. Thus *jarring (how jarring?)* are we with augmented resentments *to rush together in ruinous collisions?* Are we with mutual *hatred* to rend asunder the bands which have united us? To *throw* from our *vitals* the very shield which protects them?"

This throwing from our vitals one would think were the consequence of a dose of medicine; but no, it is about a shield. The *throwing a shield*, and the protecting of our *vitals* with a shield, are figures of rhetorick suitable to the rest of a gubernatorial speech, and it must be confessed are as novel as the unfledged principles which it contains.

Could our citizens dictate a measure to Congress, and force its adoption, 'then we should have prostrated the government, and have *trampled under our feet*, (what, the government we had prostrated? no,) the last *reserve* of national power. Could the *opposition* prevail, a part coerce the whole, *our rights and our strength* would be *scattered to the winds*. As a *nation we should perish*,' (then the next assertion is pretty clear) 'as freemen be lost. Our palladium, our ark, our national bulwarks would be *shattered*,' and (this term was necessary to prepare the mind for their being afterwards) '*broken* to atoms. Then might we single-handed meet the crisis; and buffetting the destruction *threatened* from the deep, conflict with the clouds *above*, which in angry collisions are ready to break on our heads.' Wonderful people we should be, not only to *buffet*, that is, fight with *destruction*, which one would suppose would naturally *destroy us*, but more; conflict with the *clouds*, which we are told for a wonder are 'above us,' clouds too *so angry* that they are not only already *in collision*, but *mark!* are now *ready* to break on our heads.' This figure, however, seems to include something so remarkable, that the author of the speech thinks best to say immediately, 'but this can never be,' and we most assuredly agree with him. No, it can never be; 'Americans will rally round the national constitution, cling to their government, and should it be driven to *the edge of a precipice*, keep their *hold in the extremity* (of what? why,) 'its exit, and sink with it into an awful abyss.' Yes, tumble down with the *extremity*, into the '*dark profound*;' which term we imagine is very descriptive of the speech itself.

Now for Grammar.

'Is the *preventative** against all these, and *worse* calamities now to be abandoned; and *these and worse ones* to be invoked to afflict us?' No tautology here.

Poplar Trees.

WHEREAS the publick roads of this commonwealth are destitute of POPLAR trees; and whereas the planting them along their borders would, according to my speech, 'not only give ornament to the country,' but answer in lieu of taverns, 'and give comfort and refreshment

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* *Preventative*; let the author seek for the word in Johnson or Walker.

to the traveller,' and some forty years hence, when they may be cut down, will give 'fuel to the planters, and gratification to all;' and WHEREAS the legislature will disregard my recommendations, this is *to inform all whom it may concern*, that whoever will plant ten poplar trees, of good size, and such as take root, on any turnpike, regularly incorporated by the legislature of this commonwealth, that their present Lieut. Governour, will, if he should happen to be chosen Governour at the next election, make a speech in favour of such person or persons, and recommend him or them to the patronage of the legislature; and whoever will plant twenty trees, as before described, shall not only be mentioned in the speech, but shall be honoured with a gubernatorial metaphor, into the bargain.

Done in the Council chamber, on this 6th day of February, 1809.

By ME,

THE LIEUT. GOVERNOUR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Legislature of Massachusetts.

'Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd, by all the suffering world,
As the last stake, the grand effort for liberty?'

IT is to be hoped that the *tone*, which this Legislature assumes, is not merely to be an *echo* of what their constituents have told them; but that it will be loud, tremendous, and bold; so that it may be a terrour to our wavering and uncertain rulers at Washington. The people do not want to be informed of what *they have said*, but what their *representatives* intend *to do*. A meek, temporising, moderate system of management is not equal to guide, much less to command the passions of these times. He, who undertakes to 'ride the whirlwind and direct the storm,' *must* have energy. But our Committee on Petitions in the house were so lamb-like, meek and gentle, that their report passed without opposition or debate. We had hoped better things.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Review of a Sermon on the Death of the late Governour SULLIVAN, sent by a Correspondent, shall be inserted in our next number.